SCIENTISTS AND STATESMEN

to Marry.

Shattered Ideals and Maternal Influence Kept Many in the Single State.

The genuine misograist is a rare bird. In the longest list of famous men who have studiously avoided Hymen and his rites, all have cherished and enjoyed a strong feminine influence in their lives and were in no sense women haters.

Perhaps the only modern instance of a man's desisting from marriage because of an openly indicated dislike of women is Algernos Charles Bwinbarne, the poet. Naturally of a very retiring nature, and reserved to coldness, he has pointedly avoided women wherever he could, and though exceedingly warm and faithful in his friendships with men, for few women has he shown the smallest few women has he shown the smallest admiration or understanding.

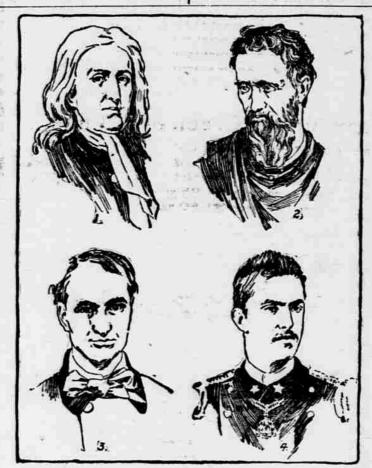
Any one of the weaker sex, whose mind is cultivated beyond the limits set by old-fashioned prejudice is, in his eyes, the most unattractive of her kind, and even the wives of his best friends he rather avoids, while the one historical woman of whom he has written, poor Mary of Scot-land, has suffered bitter criticism at his hands. Undoubtedly his sore affliction of

called magnation, who came and went at his bidding, and beside, he asked the jesters, "was there not La Belle Dame?" This was a pet name for his mother, to whom his devotion renained always most romantic and tender. No matter how merry the gathering might be, or how essential his presence, at 9 o'clock of every evening Carot slipped off to his mother, set out the cards and table and spent a quiet hour anusing, tensing, delighting, the pretty old French lady.

Then there was Manamosene nose, who had worked in the hair shop Corot had scorned, and with whom, from his first youth, he maintained a friendship. But the friendship never seemed to ripen to a warmer feeling, though the pretty, modest French girl retused all offers from other admiring swains. Every day she came and sat a while in the spacious studio, with a admiring swains. Every dayshe came and sat a while in the spacious studio, with a rather wistful expression in her eyes, and the handsome, sweet-tempered artist was to her always the Monsieur Camille of her youth. But Madamoiselle Rose died a spinster and Corot lived a joily bachelor to the last.

RESULT OF EARLY ROMANCES.

Charies Lamb very heroically sacrificed his matrimonial prospects for the sake of his sister Mary. The dreams of a happy life with his first and only love, Anna, he set aside in order that he night nurse, amuse and work for the poor, insane sister on whom he lavished all the interest and tenderness which a man would otherwise have given to a wife and children. Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Kahyam, was the greatest of misogynists, as was Phillips Brooks, and as is the charming gentleman and naturalist, John Burroughs. With music, languages and letters, Fitzgerald used to make himself entirely happy in his quiet country retreats. He loved once, and early in his life, was disappointed and ever afterward avoided the wiles of Cupid. No one was ever found quite bold enough to make any investigation into the cause of Bishop Brooks' celibacy. It was with him evi-RESULT OF EARLY ROMANCES.



Sir Isaac Newton. Bandelaire.

Michael Angelo

Crown Prince of Italy

chronic nervousness has done much to confirm him in his sour bachetorhood, as well as his preference for the quietest country life, spent chiefly in his paternal home near Henley-on-the-Thames. Here he dwells in somewhat solitary grandeur, and though so fearful and scornful of women, he was in his youth pronounced by competent feminine critics to be attractive enough, with his sensitive, bandsome face and his splendid accomplishments of muscle as well as mind.

BACHELOR PRINCES.

BACHELOR PRINCES. In his feeling for women Swinburne br echoed the unflattering sentiments of William Rufus, the red king of England, who preferred hunting to marrying, in spite of what usually controls even royal preference to these cases—reasons of state. Red Rufus for the control of the cases—reasons of state. is one of the very few monarchs on rec ord who snapped bis fingers at the matrimo-nial representations of his ministers, for

kings, like clergymen, usually marry early.
The heir apparent to the throne of Italy
seems likely to emutate this example, for
the Prince of Naples discourages all of his parents' selections in prospective brides parents selections in prospective united.

He has said he will marry when he loves,
but as he avoids courts and feminine society
as much as possible the unpleasant word
misogynist has frequently come to the earhis ambitious parents, and the mos flattering suggestions for an alliance with one of the noblest and most powerful bouses in Europe has been recently set aside by

MATERNAL INFLUENCE

But the Prince of Naples, like many an other man who has never married, acknowledges not only the power, but his complete devotion to one woman. She is his mother, and the most interesting feature in the study of bachelors is the tremendous in fluence the mother has exerted in their lives No man felt the maternal influ-

No man felt the maternal influence in a stronger degree than did that scientific bachelor, Sir Isaac Newton. He was an only child, and a peculiarly faithful one, and though Mrs. Newton lived quietly in her country home, and Sir Isaac a large part of the time in London, he obeyed, venerated and watched over her to the last hour of, her life. Yet with that peculiar ma-ternal selfislaness, displayed under the guise of devotion, she frowned on every one of her son's attachments. At every suggestion of his marringe she wept and wrung her hands until he obediently resigned all thoughts of domestic bliss, and after her death found himself too old and too deeply absorbed in his scientific studies to change his mode of life.

Charles Baudelaire, the poet, was governed in nearly the same degree by his mother's preferences. Though he was way-ward, eccentric, and willful, to a most painful extent, she remained his best ideal, his one pure heliet throughout his brief miser-able career, and when no other voice could prevail, her wishes were his law. Unlike Bir Isaac, Baudelaire was handsome, witty, and many were his temptations to enter the holy bonds. To one woman, a beautiful and gifted young countess, whose devotion here with his neglect and peculiarities long and patiently, he at last offered his unworthy self. Her tears, fair face, wealth and intellect, seem to have made an unusual impression upon him were here. pression upon him, yet before taking the ir-retrievable step, he went to ask his mother's consent, and the maternal wishes prevailed. He wrote the counters he could not endure to see his mother's tears, whereupon the poor, deserted hady, dried her own eyes wrathfully and broke off all connection with this too checklast each

his too obedient son.

After that Baudelaire set aside all matrimonal ambitions, and when he died, de-spaced, impoverished and disappointed, in a hospital, his mother, then a woman nearly 80 years of age, found her way to his bed-side and watched his dying breath.

ANOTHER MOTHER'S BOY. In the category of very joby bachelors Jean Baptist Camille Corot, the great land-acapist, belongs. Inhisyouth, when, against his father's wishes, he chose to paint in nis lature s wishes, he chose to paint in place of \$500 to live on, and upon that, he frankly acknowledged, he could not keep a wife. Later, when his father doubled his income, he still adhered to his bellef that domestic happiness comes only for a good price, and as he was 60 years old when his first picture sold, he felt it was too late to make the experiment of wedded life.

When his countless friends twitted him with his single state, since it is common for painters to marry, he always insisted that he had a wife. A first leave that

edutly a matter of choice, for no romances

When some one asked a friend of Samuel J. Tilden why the wealthy statesman had never married, the prompt reply was be could never make up his mind. Though an ardent adminer of women and a stanch believer in the capacities of the feminine mind, he wavered, halted, considered and hesitated over every tempation to enter the holy bonds, and then retired each time, uncertain as to the wisdom of the step. These were the only occasions on which indecision held him captive. In any other emergencies his conclusions were prompt and unalterable. He cultivated any other emergencies his conclusions were prompt and snalterable. He cultivated feminine friendship, women of rare wit and high mental cultivation never failed to receive his homage, and it was but a few years before his death that he openly con-fessed to a very deep attachment for a essed to a very deep attach

OTHER DISTINGUISHED CELIBATES.

self too old to share her life and in his will

happy.
See Dr. Walker at once. He can be consulted daily from 10 to 5. Those who can't call during these hours can see him on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 7 to 8 p. m., or on Sundays, from 10 to 12.

the artist or the genius, for the carping de-tails of domestic life exhaust finely tuned nerves and warm, delicate mental fiber. A heory be practices by living in the most ex-quisite bachelor chambers in London, enterquisic bardeness and and in spite of the witty, beautiful women about him, maintaining his single state. It is true that, like Mile. Rose, there is a lady whom his friends saperet has never changed her name because of this odd determination of the American author. She is as brilliant a writer as Mr. James himself, and as widely admired, but firm in her spinsterhood as ever

was Mile. Rose.

With the regularity of autumn's arrival news of Monsieur Jean de Reszke's engagement is wafted across the ocean, greatly to the anusement of the singer himself. Monsieur de Reszke is not this year engaged, nor has he so far any intention of future domestication, say his most trusted friends. The married tenor, he believes, losses one-half his interest for a romance-loving public, and the single occasion on which this distinguished Pole might have put his neck under the pleasant yoke has massed forever in the death of a pretty Polish girl, his cousin, to whom he was, in his youth, engaged. They fell in love, as was natural, over a music book, for the sixteen-year-old girl had a voice, and practice at the piano in duets brought about an agree-

Notes and Queries. following, which happened to my

self, is a strange coincidence. Before finally settling in England I spent over twenty years on the other side of the

visits to England, and on each occasion I visited the grave of my father and nother, which is in a small village church yard remote from the railway, and some hundreds of miles from what were mg

headquarters when in this country. The village has no clergyman, but is served by one residing four miles away. At one of these visits, when at home for six weeks some years ago, I, at the monument of my arrival in the churchyard found a clergyman, whom I afterward found to be the curate, standing by the tomb of my father and mother, and asking the old sexton who their heirs were.

It appeared that that very morning the

It appeared that that very morning the vicar had received a letter asking that question. The letter was from a speculating London lawyer, of whom I had never before heard, who had seen my father's name in a list of unclaimed legal deposits, and had written on the chance of a client. My father had been dead thirty years. That the amount in question was a small one does not affect the strangeness of the coincidence.

chience.

During the threes of my changing residence a few months ago, I wrote to a friend asking him to consult a certain broadside in the British Museum for mg. He assured me he could not find the name in the catalogue. All my museum tickets I keep in a drawer in my writing table, and, with the idea of giving him the ticket I had. I took hold of as many as I could grasp with one hand and gave them to my wife, who offered to find it, while I took a similar handful and placed it on the table. On glancing at them I found I had cut the pile at the very place where the desired ticket was.

LUCK AT MONTE CARLO.

Barney Barnato's Friends Win and Then Have a Good Time.

ondon Cor. New York World hath to him shall be given" has just been strikingly exemplified by the experience at Monte Carlo of Woolf Joel and Frank Gardner, two of multi-millionaire Barney Barnato's partners.

successive wins on the red-at the there, receiving 380,000 france-\$76,000



C. A. Swinburne,

Henry James Corot.

handsome legacy was left to an intelligent Southern woman, because he said her conversation had delighted him so much.

Walt Whitman clung to his bachelorhood as he did to his strange opinions, his curious dress, and eccentric habits, as a matter of principle and not at all from any indifference. from any indifference to woman. His mother was his admiration and idol. He worked hard to support her in comfort, her tears sent him first into the army hospitals to nurse a wounded brother, and her death was a prostrating blow from which he never processed.

rom which he never recovered. There is a pretty and not wholly improb-ble story in John Greenleaf Whittier's life able story in John Greenleaf Whittier's life of a schoolboy tenderness for a little fel-low-scholar. The small girl promised to wait while be made his fortune, but waiting is weary work schoolgirl promises are lightly broken, and while yet a boy the response bility of a fatherless family fell on the young neet. The consequences were very natural. poet. The consequences were very natural, but Whittier never went courting again. He gave his beart first to his mother, then to his maiden sister, and when his nice deserted him for a bouse of her own and a husband he went to live among cousins, and died, aftera long, peaceful bachelorbood, with tender, mourning women about him. Henry James, the novelist, maintains that single blessed ness is the only blessedness for

-from the table. Being satisfied, they returned to London and celebrated the event at a red dinner at the Savoy Hotel

n Thursday night. All the decorations were red. The All the decorations were red. The waiters were red shirts and red gloves, had red buttons on their coats and carried red napkins. The room was draped in red. The electric light shades were red. Imnense bunches of geraniums in red, with a roulette table on the back.

Lest his guests might emulate his good fortune. Lest his guests might emulate his good fortune.

fortune, Joel improved the occasion by preaching a homily on the uncertainties of the gaming table. But it may be said that for every person ruined at Monte Carlo a hundred were broken by the South African boom, which was just as great a gamble, and out of which the hosts made a

In the collecting of perfumes two processes are employed. In one, the grease process boxes with glass bottoms are prepared, the bottoms being covered with purse grease, or suct, and the flowers, gathered fresh every day during the season, are laid on trays in the box, the grease being left to ab-

## NOVELTIES FOR THE TABLE

Illuminated Ices Will Adorn Christmas Dinners.

PROM SOUR TO THE COPPEE

Some Dishes That Custom Decrees Shall Be Served on That Day.

The Christman disner specialty supplied this year by confectioners comes in the form of illuminated ices. Electricity and tiny crystal imps are employed when a caterer arranges the holiday feast, but any content of the property of the pro ostess can contrive to serve illum ices at her Christmas dinner by thing bec room tapers.

For a large form, to be brought on it

For a large form, to be brought on in ceremony by the waitress when all the dining room lights are turned very low, a big block of see must be the foundation. This should be hollowed out, turned down like a bell, and beneath it set, the instant before dessert is brought on, a couple of inch long tapers set affecting in a small tea cup. The best effect in arranging the ices is secured by cutting the foundation block in the form of a pyramid, with jetting points here and there along the surface. If the pyramid is very large some three or four tapers will be needed for illumination lisside, while without, on all the points of the ley mound, must be set frozen figures in ice cream, of whatever seems appropriate or convenient to serve at a Christmas dinner. The top of the pyramid should, of course, be surmounted by a large ice creamstatue of Saint Nicholas.

A BLAZING BOAR'S HEAD.

The confectioners show molds in which they will make a whole series of Christmas.

forever in the death of a pretty Polish girl, his cousin, to whom he was, in his youth, engaged. They fell in love, as was natural, over a music book, for the sixteen-year-old girl had a voice, and practice at the piano in duets brought about an agreeable friendship. The betrothal lasted two years, owing to her ill health, and the was severed by her death in Italy. This pretty romance and sad loss by no means blighted the tenor's life, but the question of marriage he has never scriously entertained and insists he is now too hardenest in his bachelor ways to remodel his plans and prejudices anew.

CURIOUS HAPPENINGS.

Two Strange Coincidences in the Life of a Correspondent.

CURIOUS HAPPENINGS.

Trought in the death of a pretty Polish Habet and prejudices anew.

CURIOUS HAPPENINGS.

Trought in the death in Italy and the many properties and the moment of serving. Another capital model, for, a Carstanas dessert piece is a wireled of strawherry ice is set in the jaws, a wreath of holly circles the neck, and a rivulet of birandy, poured in a second broader dish set under the one holding the boar's head, burns brightly as the platter is carried once around the table before serving.

INEXPENSIVE CONFECTIONERY.
Tees are, however, sometimes expensive,

once around the table before serving.

INEXPENSIVE CONFECTIONERY.

Test are, however, sometimes expensive, sometimes not available, and if the house-keeper is in sometime at a quindary as how best to supply her table with a simple novelty on Christmas Thay, let her try a peach pudding. The will require one car or jar of preserved peaches, six eggs, three cous of milk, half a cup of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, and one fablispoonful of botter. Scald the milk, sit in the corn starch, wet with cold milk and cook, still stirring, until it begins to thicken. Take from the fire and beat in the melted butter, then the yokk of three eggs and the whipped whites of two. Lastly add the sugar and whisk the whole on 167 h light cream. Drain all syrup from the peaches, lay them in a hake dish, popr over the mixture and set in the oven ten minutes, then spread with a meringue of the four remaining whites and a little-sugar. Let this tinge to a and a little sugar. Let this tings to a light brown ib the oven and serve the pud-ding hot, with peach juice for a sauce, or cold with cream, A DELICATE SALAD.

A DELICATE SALAD.

After a heavy Christmas dinner a meat salad is best replaced by one of tematoes and celery that is neither difficult nor expensive. One can of tomatoes should be stewed with a pinch of sait for a few moments, then strained and the red julce thickened with a little jelatine, a table-spoonful is sufficient. The tomatoes can be put in monile to form, or merely left to cool and solidify in a said bowl, bend round it shredded celery and pour over jelly, and celery a lifteral supply of either rich mayonnaise of Geom sailed dressing, and serve with small saited crackers.

FROZENGRAPESINPERFUMEDLIQUOR.

Fruit is the awkwardest of course to

FROZENGRAPESINPERFUMEDLIQUOR. Fruit is the awkwardest of courses to serve unless taken in the right way. In place of passing an unstable tower of oranges, etc., from timid guest to guest, who fears to bring down the whole structure by taking one piece, a single fruit as grapes for example can be prepared after a must tempting and comfortable fashion. Heap finger glasses or deep, old-fashioned desert saucers, with ice pounded as fine as snow, pick off some fifteen or twenty grapes for each saucer, imbed them, a few moments, before serving, in the ice and set a saucer at every individual's plate.

If the family demand their chief meat course shall be turkey, the housekeeper can only gracefully acquiesce, but the tur-

course shall be turkey, the housekeeper can only gracefully acquiesce, but the turkey for variety's sake is as well saved over for New Year's day and stuffed venison makes a wonderfully savory dish. A large fat haonch of this meat should be stuffed with a rich compound of rice, sage, spices, &c. It must then be basted as it roasts. When court the round sites will be set the round sites will be set. When cut the round slices will prove as tender as turkey and rich with streaks of the spicy dressing. When nuts arrive piquante flavor may be given the coffee on this holiday occasion by passing a small bottle of the sweet creme d'yuette small bottle of the sweet creme d'yuette cordial to the guests, with instructions to try a haif teaspoonful in their cups. Liquid violets could not lend a more fairy-like flavor to the cafe noir, while to tosst the day and its sentiments let the hostess mix the simplest of punches right at the table, calling it cleanpagne cup. She will need only to empty one quart bottle of champagne in a bowl with two of seltzer, a glass of sherry, a strip or two of cucumber peel, a few drops of green mint, a bowl of crushed ice and a teacup of sugar. This is mild enough for the very young folks, but of sufficient flavor for older palates and cheerful enough in for older palates and cheerful enough in which to drink old father Christmas down with a rousing good will.

FANNY EN DERS.

THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS.

How Indians From the West Were Mystifled by the Telephone.

Mystified by the Telephone.

Major Pollock, who was superintendent
of free delivery in the postoffice department under the last administration, was for
some time stationed on the frontier as an
Indian agent and was well and favorably
known to many of the principal chiefs
among the red men, sayane exchange. Whenever they sent delegations to Washington
to have pow-wow with the great father
the major's office was sure to be visited the major's office was sure to be visited by them and they camesometimes in crowds. On one occasion, while the Indians were making a call on the major, he went to the telephone in another room and called up the Indian office. When his call was answered he said.

he said:
"Tell Frank to come to the 'phone."
Frank was a half-breed employed in the Indian office:
"Hello, Frank," said the major. "Hold

the 'phone a suifatte. Your uncle is here and wants to talk with you."

Then he went into his office and led one of the chiefs to the telephone.

"Want to talk to Frank?" said the

major, placing the transmitter in the chief's After many gruots and suspicious glance

After many grunts and suspicious glances at the mysterious contrivance, the little ear trumpet was finally held to the chief's ear and the major said:
"Now, go ahead, Frank.'
A grin spread over the Indian's face and he dropped the transmitter. After trying in vain to look behind the instrument he stuck his head out of the window and looked stranged." looked around. Then with a be wildered look he ran to the door and looked up and down the corridor.

down the corridor."

The major explained to him that Frank was uptown in another building, but the chief wasn't convinced and called another Indian. While the second Indian was listening the first chief watched the major's lips closely, evidently suspecting some trick of ventriloquism.

"Ughl" grunted the second chief, as he dropped the transmitter and looked under a desk and out of a window.

The major couldn't astisfactorily explain the matter to the chiefs and finally was forced to put on his hat and take them over to the Indian office, where they found Frank at the 'phone waiting for more "talk."

Only Sensible Xmas Gifts.

A yard for handsome Black Figured Mohair Brilliantine, worth 39c yard, Monday only 19c

OPPENHEIMER'S, 514 9th St. N.W.

48c

a yard for Diagonal Black or Navy Blue Storm Serge, all-wool 54 inches wide, Worth \$1.00 yd. Monday only 48c.

73C

a yard for a handsome selection of figured or stripedFlannelettes. Worth 15c yard. Monday only

Gift Books.

For your choice of any Tea Children's well-bound Books, Gown in our house, all made in Nursery Rhymes, Mother Goose, the very latest style, lined to the etc. Worth 39c. Monday only 9c. waist, made of English Covert Cloth, Flannelettes and Figured

> Handsome cloth-bound Books, best works of fiction and literature, listed at 75c. Monday only

15c

10c

Plaid Waist, lined throughout, made in the latest style, large Cloth-bound pocket edition of mandolin sleeves, worth \$2.25. best authors—list-price 50c. For Monday only 10c. Monday only 89c.

49c

Children's Long and Short Cashmere Coats, neatly embroid-ered, worth \$3.75. Monday only Shakespeare's Works complete in one volume, handsomely bound in cloth, with memoir—list price \$1.75. For Monday only 49c.

Handkerchiefs.

53c

For 2 Ladies' linen finished hemstitched Handkerchiefs -Muff, worth \$4.50. Monday only worth 10c each. Monday only 2 for 534c.

For 3 Gents' extra large handkerchiefs, warranted fast color borders-worth 10c each. Monday only 3 for 9c.

122c

Ladies' linen hemstitched Inithe newest fall shades, worth 75c Handkerchiefs-worth 25c. Monday only 12 1-2c.

39c

OPEN UNTIL 10 P. M.

Gents' pure Jap. Silk, wide, hemstitched Initial Handkerchiefs-worth 75c. Monday only

Every 25c worth of Handkerchiefs bought of us suitably put up in a Fancy Box.

29c

For 4 Pairs of Ladies' Fast Black Stainless Hose, worth 15c. pair. Monday only 4 pair 29c.

12½c

Ladies' Fancy Top and Black Boot Hose, splendid assortment, worth 25c. pair. Monday only

89c

For half dozen triple-plated Sheffield Fruit Knives, oxydized handles, in fancy box, worth \$2.50. Monday only 89c.

79c

Lace Bureau Sets, Scarf and Three Mats; beautiful Honiton Patterns; worth \$1.75. Monday only 79c.

9c

Stamped Tray Cloths and Splashers; newest patterns; Monday only 9c.

29c A yard for Silver Bleached Table Damask 58 inches wide; worth

60c. Monday only 29c.

19c For Full Box of 12 Washington Belle Cigars - a good Xmas smoke, worth 60c. Monday only

21c

For a Dozen of Plaid Fringed Linen Napkins, worth 60c. Monday only 21c.

\$19.50.

What is more suitable for an Xmas present than a New Family Sewing Machine? All Atrietta Cloth, 40-inches wide, all tial or Fancy Embroidered Edge tachments included; warranted for five years; does the work of

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOSS

59c

Navy Blue and Black Prints,

worth from \$1.50 to \$3.00 " Mon-

89c

For Ladies' handsome Scotch

\$1.39

98c

Ladies' Belgian Coney Muffs, worth \$2.75. Monday only 98c.

\$1.89

\$1.98

Children's set handsome long-

hair Angora Muff and Collar,

worth \$5.00. Monday only \$1.98.

A yard for silk-finished Hen-

Dress Goods.

yard. Monday only 29c.

Very handsome Electric Seal

day only 59c.

Had One in Mrs. Mussens, Ho Queen Victoria has just sustained a evere loss by the death of Mrs. Mussens who, from time immemorial, had been ber to the public at large, she was an importan personage in the eyes of everybody con nected with the court, as she was one of the few who had the courage to "talk up" to her majesty, and even on occasion to de-liberately "boss" her august mistress. Once when the queen wanted a certain maid to whom she had taken a fancy detailed o the care of her own room, Mrs. Mussens emonstrated in the strongest fashion, remonstrated in the strongest fashion, telling her majesty that it was quite out of order, and she really must not spoil the servants by taking undue notice of them. The queen, as usual, gave way, and "dear Mrs. Mussens" won the day. She was a typical personage of her class, gowned always in black silk, lace-trimmed apron and white cap, with corkscrew curls. She and the queen were excellent frineds, andher majesty used to delight in her conversation. She also stood high in the faovr of the royal grandchildren, who used to seek her out as grandchildren, who used to seek her out as soon as they arrived at the castle. the world at large she was a boly terror, and with the servants and members of the household she was infinitely more exacting and imperious than the queen herself.

CIGARETTES AND INSANITY.

Iospital Superintendent Says They Are Closely Related,

Dr. Benjamin Blackford, the able superin Staunton. Va., in his annual report to the poard of directors of that institution, says "To a great extent the increase of insan ity may be attributed to the pernicious cigarettesmoking habit, 'now solong preva lent among and undermining the moral physical and mental health of the youth of our country during the period of youth and development, when the brain is tende and plastic, and easily affected by the nox ious inhalations issuing through and around

the nerve centers.

"His nervousorganization is apt to becom more shattered by the cigarette habit than if he were addicted to alcoholic stimulants during that period, and will surely be the first to give way, and, of course, the first to suffer, especially suring the period of puberty, with its strain on the nervous system.

"The youth at college who burns the mid-night oil is to be commended for his indus-try, but too often he burns out his brain at the same time with the accompanying cigar-ette. The process of waste and injury to the nervous system may be greater than the repair, and mental bankruptcy is the result."

It is doubtless a delicate recognition of the inalicable rights of the ruling race in that region that causes the warden of the county jail at Phoenix, Ariz., to put the Mexican prisoners on the lower floor and reserve the upper story for American prisoners. There are now seventeen prisoners in the jail, thirteen Mexicans and the rest Americans. The latter have the upper story entirely to themselves. This is in the region where a little while ago it was entomary to speak of so many white men. customary to speak of so many white mer and so many Mexicans, or, as one mine put it in the case of a mining accident, the loss was "seven souls and five Mexicans."

GAVE HIMSELF UP TO DIE. Surrender of an Indian Just in Time

Ris Execution Buffalo Express. octaw execution possessed of som

very interesting features occurred a short time ago at Fort Smith. Folsom, I think, was the name of the victim. He died like a Folsom was a youth of about twenty,

Folsom was a youth of about twenty, handsome, stailwart, and brave. He had been released upon parole immediately upon being sentenced to death. He gave his word that he would be on hand at the time set for his execution, then went about his business, as if nothing unusual had kappened, as if unmindful of the fact that death was not far distant.

The menting of the day for Folsom ashoot.

The morning of the day for Folsom's shoot-ing arrived. A large number of men had gathered at the spot to see the tragedy en-acted. It was near a hawthorn thicket in the wilds of the Choctaw Nation, and fully fifty horses were hitched to the bushes around the place where the shooting was to take place. The hour set for the execution was 10 o'clock. It was near that time, but Folsom had not yet put in an appearance. The man who was to play the len the tragedy was not there. An incredulous white man, who did not believe that a man's word could be sufficiently binding to cause aim to come forth voluntarily to be killed, expressed some doubt as to the contemned man's coming at all. His remarks were

overheard by a near relative of Folsom, who, with flashing eyes, answered:
"When a Folsom gives his word, he keeps
it. You can count on that. He'll be here

on time."

As if to prove the truth of the assertion, some one said, "He has come."

Just then young Folsom rode up. Dismounting, he litched his horse to a haw thorn bush, and then, walking up to the sheriff, announced that he was ready. He was permitted to select his own executioner, and named his cousin, who was present. Everything being in readiness, Folsom took a letter from his pocket, tore off a small piece of the envelope, and then, buttoning up his coat, pinned this piece of paper on the outside of his coat immediately over his heart. This was the target at which

his heart. This was the target at which his cousin was to fire,
With hands clasped behind his back, he
stood facing the man he had chosen to kill
him. A sharp report rang out. The white paper, with a bullet hole in the center, was stained with blood, and Folsom lay dying.

In two minutes life was extinct.

He was a murderer, but his high sense of honor and bravery almost caused that fact to be forgotten. His relatives had a coffin ready, and the remains of the young Choctaw were hauled a way for burial. The admiring spectators mounted their horses and rode away. They had witnessed one of the cool-est and most business-like shootings that ever occurred anywhere, whether prompted by the mandates of law or by the anger of



The New Servant (who has never seen a cullender): this, mum, these holes ain't none of my doin?" -New Budget